

PREMIUM OF THIRTY GUINEAS.

TO ENGINEERS, MECHANICS, INVENTORS, &c.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN, that the Committee of the Practical and Scientific Association for the Promotion of Improved Street Paving, (Cleansing, Drainage, &c. &c.), No. 70, Vere-street, Oxford-street, London, have resolved on offering a **PRIZE** of a **GOLD MEDAL** of the value of Thirty Guineas, or the like award in money, for the best and most approved mode for effectually Cleansing the Public Streets, combining the following requisites, viz. convenience, efficiency, and economy. Plans and descriptions are to be sent in on or before the 1st of March, 1844, in sealed covers, bearing a motto, and accompanied with a letter, enclosing the name and address of the competing party.

A "practical" demonstration of the Method proposed to be adopted will be required. The field of competition is equally open to Foreigners in any part of the world.

By order,
J. N. G. GUTCH, Secretary.

THE BUILDER,

NO. XXXIII.

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 23, 1843.

THE SUSSEX MEMORIAL.

IMMEDIATELY upon the demise of the late Duke of Sussex, my attention was directed by a gentleman who had been attached to his Royal Highness during his life, and connected with arduous friends after his death, to the subject of a suitable memorial. We both agreed in our dissent from the usual practice of columns, statues upon pedestals, and the like, and my friend urged the propriety of a structure, having some useful object or some marked purpose to distinguish it. This gave me an opportunity of enlarging upon the like view, which I had myself entertained, and for recalling to mind that which I had given expression to so far back as in the competition for the Nelson Memorial. I took the liberty at that time of submitting to his Grace the Duke of Wellington, who was a member of the Designs' Committee, that I thought the hack-nied, and at best questionable appropriation of a naked column a poor effort or expression of a nation's gratitude, in reference to the greatest of its naval heroes, and that a Nelson Tower and Naval Hall might be included in one structure. The tower, a conspicuous and imposing object, and the hall, contained within it, embellished with the statues, busts, and pictures of the other renowned defenders of our country by sea, which might be placed in galleried niches around the walls, while the statue of the great Nelson himself should occupy the centre, or a prominent situation on the floor. Naval trophies and records could here have been preserved for ages, and the history of England's greatness thus eloquently and emphatically expounded.

My mind ran so far in favour of a prominent character being given to it, that if Trafalgar-square had been irreversibly assigned as a position, I would have had the Nelson Memorial second to nothing in it: the National Gallery, St. Martin's Church, or any thing else that occupied, or could have occupied, the spot, should have been in subordination to the memorial, and not, as has been the question, how the memorial might be subordinate to the square. A vast tower, something in resemblance of that which "leans in Pisa," or affecting the expressiveness of the Campaniles of our own island, such as the church tower of Wrexham and Louth, should have reared its head loftily, and overshadowed the spot, needing no question to be asked, but that the very children might lip of it, and identify it in its greatness with the prowess of him whom it commemorated. The Nelson Tower should have been a household or a *townhold* term, in which Trafalgar-square even might have been sunk or included. A tower like this would not have been necessarily a costly one; its exterior plain and simple in form, but the interior would have been decked out by constant gatherings, and enriched with thousands of thousands of pounds' worth of the successive designs and chisellings of our artists. The statue of a Smith, a Saumarez, and an Exmouth would herein have found inexpensive and prepared receptacles, instead of its being a question to be now raised and discussed as to their appropriate placing; Westminster Abbey and St. Paul's, too, would have been

relieved of a large portion of the crowd of objects that disfigure them.

These preparatory remarks will serve to explain much of that which pertains to the present subject. I would not have a barren or useless erection, where it appeared to me worth while to raise one at all—there seemed to me a *moral to be pointed, a tale to be adorned*. On the other hand, I would not have it understood that I would ascribe with so much of parade as my design exemplifies, a world of superlative merits to his late Royal Highness. We do not judge of character by monuments, but we may look in them for an index of that to which they relate; and so I would make this building an index or permanent record of objects, a time, and circumstances, that may be said to have been associated with the life and memory of the Duke of Sussex.

Therefore the structure would not be less a memorial of his Royal Highness than of Freemasonry, with which he was associated; not less as indicating his noble and princely character, than the alliance he formed with arts and sciences that ennoble; not less of Freemasonry as it is understood now, than of pure masonry as it was once, and as it is still practised in this country. I would make it at once a Sussex Memorial, a Sussex Library (for here I would have his books preserved), a Freemasons' Hall, a Hall of Literature and Science, and, finally, a living type of the arts of structure and design as understood and practised among us up to and at this period. I would have it, as far as my poor powers of contrivance or combination go, a master-piece of masonry, and so, in all senses, to be viewed as a work of the time, and a national monument. And wherefore should we not seek occasions such as these, and to enlarge upon them after this fashion? It was thus the ancients did, and our own country is graced with many of its most honoured edifices, devoted to great and useful purposes, and, at the same time, allied with the names of men, whose life or death furnished the occasion for thinking or setting about their erection.

Not that I would pretend to the possession of any extraordinary qualifications for one part of the task I have chosen; to make a living type of the "arts of structure and design" of this day may seem to many a supererogatory presumption on my part to aim at. I am aware of the charge I expose myself to, and the risk I have to run. I might have attempted an anachronism in the classic or the Gothic styles, and had my defenders or apologists in those who espouse the one and the other; but a living type of the styles of the day! a combination of the two and the *ten*, which opposite sides affect, a union in one building of the manner and principles of both, or all! this is to brave the frown of all parties, and win the smiles of none. There are some, however, who are philosophers in architecture, and not mere pedants in styles: to these, I must take courage and appeal.

It is certain, however, that I have done nothing with a design to provoke; bad or good the composition, it is, barring the accidents, my own. I sat down to my task thoughtful of the duke, just then departed, mindful of his royal and noble lineage, somewhat of his popular character, his affection for art, science, literature; impressed with recollections of his Biblical passages, which I felt anxious to see preserved—but, above all, I thought of Masonry, out of which had once grown forms with whose beauty my early studies had made me familiar; these linked together, started one impromptu effort of my pencil. The great hall, a library for the Bibles, an arch of stone on each façade, through which the light should be admitted, a farther elaboration of the arch in skeleton ribs pointing upon these, and these former balanced and abutted, the convergence of the whole to form a gallery, and crowning it with a globular apex, was the work of a few minutes.

I started with the cube and ended with the sphere, there lying between the mutual affinities of either: so far the conjugation proceeded happily. Principles of structure too, common to all styles and peculiar to some, had run in and blended, and appeared to me as "joined together" as to forbid being "put asunder." The arch, that once novel principle of structure, the germ from whence sprang so much of the beautiful in architectural poetry, here flows out of, as it did in history, the

simple cube or rectangle. The arch, in its ramifications and modifications, has expression upon and around it, and bears its own epithet, or concentrated principle, the sphere, as a terminal—the *ared*, if I may term it, of a beautiful flower. The forms of one age became clad in the dress of another, and it seemed comely to me, and I learnt, or fancied I learnt, more of what were eternal principles of art, and what its accidents, than I had discovered before; but so it passed, and came out this my design for the Sussex Memorial. No statue of the Duke, at least none on the exterior; but yet I must have something to indicate the object of the structure. Allegories have been written before in stone, and mine was to embody in it a representation of the Genius of Science presiding over the entrance to the Temple of Science, holding in her hand, and directing attention to, the medallion likeness of the Duke of Sussex. At the four angles, stretching out as the arc-abutments do, diagonally and quadrilaterally, I place emblematical sculpture of the four quarters of the earth, and the minor points are Zodiacal signs, Masonic emblems, &c. &c.

To many this description of mine will convey an impression that fancy and a wide licence of the imagination have had to do with the production of this design; it was not so, however, it is now only that I have produced it, when the liveliness of fancy re-acts upon the gravity of study, and clothes the more sober product of the pencil with the garniture of idealities. In greater affairs, a Vitruvius has amused and instructed us by tracing the resemblance in that prime unit of architectural proportions, the column, to the proportions of the human figure; and we have a tale of affecting interest told by architectural nurses of the invention by Callimachus of the Corinthian capital. Many have been the speculations, too, as to the suggestive sources for the groined roofs of our cathedrals, they being ascribed by some to the "crowned grove;" and not a point or a pillar, a buttress or a pier, a door or a window, a moulding, a curve, a line, but, according to others, has been determined by some principle of pious fancy, rather than by the steady rule of constructive experience; the truth is, or at any rate it so appears to me, that there being so intimate, so indissoluble a relation between truth in art and the truth of nature, it follows as a matter of course that when the former is evolved of the process of correct reasoning, of inductive experiences, of instructive appreciations of the latter, those results attend which a keen perception detects, and which, given expression to in language, look like a key discovered to unlock some secret source of inspiration; whereas, after all, we have only discovered the analogies which always exist between art and nature, and which men trained in the school of nature produce to us in all their better labours in the workshop of art.

It was not, therefore, that I sat down to give vent to certain corked-up speculations and fancies, but it was as I have told it. Nor did the cubical form for this the first time possess my affections. I had made it a consideration of many years past, and out of this had grown a choice in the matter. It was not that I designed to amalgamate styles or sat down to order, to use, or invent one. It was not the eye alone that was to be pleased; but that the eye should see through the understanding, and know why it should be pleased. It was certainly not prepared, however, to be scared away with the bugbear of styles, or of styles desecrated necessarily because they are mixed. I had studied styles too long, and had sought for their roots and origins, which I found to be one, to be afraid of contact or admixture, so that it proceeded on a principle. That principle I had endeavoured to make myself master of, though, as yet, I feel to be making, and in this, perhaps my first public effort, little more than the first steps of my novice. Humbly, therefore, do I commit my Thesis to my judges and examiners, not to be maintained or defended pertinaciously, but to be maintained, unless assailed by better argument than the stock and staple of schools and mannerists.

One friend to whom I shewed it, exclaimed, "Well, this is the ugliest thing I ever saw in all my life; a bit of Greek, a bit of Gothic, a bit of Roman, a bit of Arabic, a bit of Egyptian, a bit of Sarcenic. A Sussex Memorial! why